Meanwhile, STATE CAPITALIST "researchers" actively promote Pfizer's (latest POISON) CHAMPIX in goody-goody anti-smoking campaigns sponsored by the DRUG CARTEL.

It's NEVER TOO LATE - to be a STATE CAPITALIST GUINEA PIG Just - DON'T GET "DEPRESSED" (ie., SUICIDAL)

So why didn't this RESEARCH reveal these deadly SIDE-EFFECTS? If it DID, WHY are STATE CAPITALISTS still ***RECRUITING?*** ***Some "RESEARCHERS"*** wind up in ***JAIL.*** Why not ***NOW?***

Where's the DRUG MONITORING? NOT at $CAMH! What KIND OF "HOSPITAL" is THIS? I think we know - The NONE OF IT'S KIND HOSPITAL....

Margaret Dumont looked dismayed. She couldn't figure it out.

Johnny wanted to tell her the only difference between Emile Durkheim and Handy House, was there you didn't have to take your meds. They still did, though.

Ms. Dumont babbled on about how, apart from the prescribed meds, they clandestinely bought and sold contraband cigs, to which all the residents were passionately addicted. They plowed the profits back into shaving supplies and under-arm deodorant. Everyone who knew the residents marveled what a low priority hygiene was, below smoking..

Then they played "simulations," to see what his life-skills were.

If he had any....

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He did better at simulations after he got real-life material.

If, for example, a nice matronly manager asked him how he dealt with such-and-such a crisis, he could usually remember one almost like it. It wasn't so much a matter of imagining what he'd do, as remembering what he'd done.

For example, a client suddenly collapses. What do you do?

Catch him before he hits the floor, if you're lucky.

It was 5 o'clock at Yucca Flats, just 15 minutes till supper which, this being Friday, was fish. There were 20 clients already gathered in the TV/dining room. There was a movie on the VCR, but they'd seen it before. They were hungry.

A resident approached Johnny, just inside the dining room door, and told him that the church group was downstairs, outside the electric door. They were distributing hot food. It was stew.

Johnny announced it.

The residents hated fish, so there was soon a group of men clattering downstairs.

He announced it in the dorm too. He woke things up, to tell them. Otherwise, they'd complain, nobody'd told them.

On his way out of the dorm, the resident ahead of him weaved and stumbled. Johnny followed him downstairs, the man weaving so much other residents had difficulty going up. Near the foot of the